

Adair County News

VOLUME XXIV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY MCH. 9, 1921.

NUMBER 20

Do You Know?

That the last residence occupied in Columbia by Thos. E. Bramlette before he left for Frankfort after having been elected Governor of the State, is the apartment house, on Burkesville street, now owned by Judge Junius Hancock?

That Mr. Eliza Damron, who died in Columbia at the age of 89, two years ago, killed three deer in the Miller Old Fields at one shot?

That Mr. Champ Butler, who, in his life time, lived two and one half miles out of town, raised a number of deer? At one time there were ten or twelve grazing in his meadows.

That Mark Twain's parents in olden times lived in a double log house, long since razed, which stood where Mr. B. F. Chechning's residence now stands.

That there is not a man living in Adair county who served in the Mexican War in companies made up by Capt. Ed Gaither and Capt. Jack Squires, now living? The Companies were principally made up in Adair county and John Eubank, of this place, who was in Capt. Squires' company was the last one who crossed over.

That Uncle Billie Williams owned a faithful colored man, one that he had implicit confidence in, trusted him with his money? In 1863-4 when the colored men of this county were leaving home for the war, guerrillas frequently visiting the county, and it was dangerous for a man to have money on his person or about his premises. The colored man was named Frank. One day "Uncle Billie" called him into his room and said: "Frank, guerrillas are coming in often and they will not suspect that you have money. I want you to take this roll of bills, \$10,000, and keep it until I call for it. If however, you decide to go into the army you can bring me the money." Frank left for his cabin with the cash, and in about six months thereafter he entered his master's room one evening, saying "Mars Billy, here is your money. I leave to-night for the army."

That a large carding factory once stood on the vacant lot to the right of Mrs. Caroline Jeffries' residence.

That the wooden bridge which spanned Russell creek near Myers & Berger's roller mill, which was removed and replaced by an iron bridge, was built by L. C. Cornice in 1854?

That there are a great many people in Adair county who never saw a railway train?

That sixteen years ago there were not more than two or three automobiles in Adair county? Now we have them by the hundreds.

That Mr. Thos. H. Tutt and wife, parents of Mr. N. M. Tutt, were once residents of Columbia? They lived in the little brick on Water street, recently razed by Mr. H. N. Miller.

Mules for Sale.

I have for sale six head of mules all coming 3-year-old this spring. Very well matched and mated for teams. Prices reasonable.

A. B. Cox, Columbia, Ky.

Ladies Notice.

I have now on display the largest and most select Millinery line I have ever had. This line represents 4 markets: New York, Chicago, Louisville and Nashville. I can show you all the New Colors in shapes and braids, Harding Blue, Jade African Brown, Orchid Porcelain, Coque de roache, Nickle, Duck, Beige, candy cloth, Moss braid, Batavia cloth, shapes in newest straws, Barnyard, Visca, Wenchaw, Broom corn, split Milans, two Tom Peanut's Liserie and Milans, Leg-horns, etc.

Julia Eubank.

AFTER A LONG-ILLNESS

Mrs. Fanny Breeding, the Beloved Wife of Mr. J. S. Breeding, Closes Her Eyes in Death.

FUNERAL AT THE METHODIST CHURCH.

This community was not surprised late Sunday afternoon when the announcement came that Mrs. Fanny Breeding was dead. She had been in a critical condition for several months, and it was known, from the statement, of her physician, that she could not recover.

Mrs. Breeding was a Miss Beard before her marriage and was born and reared in the upper end of the county. When quite a young woman she was happily married to Mr. J. S. Breeding, who has been a prominent farmer and trader of this county since his early manhood. To this union five daughters and one son were born. She lived to see them all grown and happily married, all being at her bedside when the end came, with the exception of her oldest daughter, Mrs. Charles Pyle, who is in a critical condition at her home in Lincoln county. The children are, besides Mrs. Pyle, Mrs. T. A. Holladay, Mrs. Jo M. Reed, Mrs. Collins Bridgewater, Mrs. Lee Tuney and one son, Mr. I. C. Breeding.

When quite a young woman Mrs. Breeding made a profession of her faith in Christ and united with the Methodist Church, and was a devoted member, regular in her attendance upon all the ordinances until her health failed.

Those who have been her close neighbors since she came to Columbia to live, speak of her in the most glowing terms. Kind and affectionate, ever ready to wait upon the sick, and the latch string of her door was on the outside for all comers. But few women in Adair county have a more generous heart than did Mrs. Breeding.

The deceased was 62 years old her last birthday, and every year of her existence, after reaching maturity, was well and happily spent.

She will not only be missed by her devoted husband and loving children and grandchildren, but by this entire community.

The funeral services were held at the Methodist church Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, conducted by her pastor, Rev. R. V. Bennett, assisted by other local ministers, and the interment was in the city cemetery. There were many floral offerings.

The News extends its sympathy to those who have been so sorely bereft.

Starks-Stults.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Downes announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Nancy Damron Starks to Mr. Count T. Stults.

The wedding will take place this spring.—Louisville Herald.

Information Wanted.

My husband, W. M. Banks, has been absent from home eleven months and during that time I have not heard from him. The last time any word received from him came from North Carolina. Any one knowing his whereabouts will please let me know.

Daisy Banks,
Glensfork, Ky.

Rev. L. B. Hart will preach at Presbyterian church next Sunday, forenoon and evening. If the weather conditions are good he will preach at Union Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Notices.

All persons having claims against the estate of the late John N. Conover, will please present the same properly verified at once.

Lillian Conover,
T. A. Holladay, Admr.'s

20-31

OIL NEWS.

[BY E. T. KEMPER.]

Richardson & Goff, drilling for the Southern Oil & Refining Company, on the Russ Gilbert farm, Bakerton, report the completion of well No. 5, the latter part of the past week, at a depth of around 350 feet. The location of this well is on very much higher ground than those already drilled there, which accounts for the difference in depth. The new well promises to be as good as any of the group.

Mr. Geo. H. Palmer, president of the Palmer Oil & Gas Company, has returned from an extended trip to Cleveland and other points in Ohio. He was fortunate in being able while on the trip to secure a lighter string of drilling tools for his rig on the Roys farm, and they are expected to arrive any day. Drilling operations will be resumed just as soon as tools arrive.

Eight holes have been put down recently in the Bakerton field, and there are eight fine wells there to show as a result of the work. This is a fine record, and it is very satisfying to the companies who are operating in that field.

A representative of the Cumberland Pipe Line Company spent several days in this territory recently, paying particular attention to the Creelsboro and Bakerton fields, and he expressed himself as being highly pleased with the outlook for good production in those localities. The Cumberland people have promised to build a line to this section just as soon as production will warrant the expense.

The drilling operations of Mr. J. B. Doolittle, six miles out on Cedar Creek, are progressing uninterrupted, and indications are promising for good results at that point. Well No. 1 is now down about 700 feet. Mr. Doolittle has not yet returned from a visit home, Worcester, N. Y., but he is keeping in close touch with the situation here through his representatives in the field.

Two representatives of the Victor Refining & Distributing Company, Nashville, Tenn., have been in Cumberland county during the past week for the purpose of buying the products of the different companies operating along Cumberland river. It is thought they will be able to make satisfactory arrangements with the operators to purchase their output, and the shipment of oil by barges is expected to begin soon.

No new developments have been reported recently in the Creelsboro field situation, but activities there are continuing unabated, and some good additional strikes are expected to be heard of there at no distant date.

Mr. E. J. Schabelitz, in charge of drilling operations for the South Kentucky Oil Company, operating on the Clint Keen farm, located on Brush Creek, Cumberland county, was in town during the past week, and he reported their No. 2 well there as having come in flowing at a depth of 200 feet. They are much pleased with the outlook there for good results. The Keen farm adjoins the Gilbert farm where the Southern Oil & Refining Company are getting such good results.

Dr. Frank D. Hines, Denver, president and general manager of the Southern Oil & Refining Company who, accompanied by Mrs. Hines, has been here for the past five weeks, left for Denver Thursday morning. While here the doctor spent sometime in the field at Bakerton, where their operations are located, and before leaving Columbia he expressed himself as being highly pleased with the progress, and results of their work in the field, and of the general outlook for the future.

Another cut of twenty cents per barrel on Somerset light crude oil, a few days since, has brought the price down to \$1.80 per barrel. This is rather discouraging to the oil people generally, particularly in view of the implicated another person.

fact that this grade was selling for \$4.50 per barrel on January first, last, but it is believed that the bottom has been reached and that within the next few weeks there will be a decided improvement in the situation generally. The prices of crude oil are regulated by supply and demand, and with an ever increasing demand for oil and its products, and with production not keeping pace with the demand, it will naturally follow that prices are bound to go up, and at no distant date.

Birthday Dinner.

On last Monday March 7, the children and grandchildren of Mrs. Sallie Smith gathered at her home, it being her 80th anniversary. She has only two grandchildren, Omer Hutcherson and Wyatt Y. Smith, Omer being present, and her two brothers, Mr. Josh and James Butler. There are only three of the old Butler family now living. The day was very much enjoyed by those present and hope she may live to enjoy many more with us.

X X

LOST.—Shepherd dog, black with white breast and pet. Notify this office or Frank Shepherd, Garlin, Ky.

A Revival.

C. C. Crawford, of Cincinnati, will conduct a series of evangelistic meetings at the Christian Church, Columbia, beginning Mch. 17th.

Miss Fred Fillmore, of the musical family of Fillmores, of Cincinnati, whose compositions and publications are well-known to all music lovers, will be with us as song leader.

Let all Christians be much in prayer that these leaders may come with the Gospel in sermon and song and the people of God ready to help in very good work.

Z T. Williams.

Will be delighted to show you my line of beautiful Patterns from New York, designed by Mme Meme and Mme De Panne. Have the Harding sport hat and the Rainbow. Also the Daisy trimmed coque de roach.

Julia Eubank.

Circuit Court Postponed.

On account of the serious illness of a son-in-law of Judge J. C. Carter, circuit court was postponed until next Monday. The Jurors, witnesses, etc., who reported last Monday, were notified to be here next Monday, when court will proceed. A large crowd was in town Monday, but no business in the court was transacted. All interested parties are expected to be here at the opening of the court next Monday, at which time Judge Carter hopes to be here.

Saturday, Feb. 19, Mr. Harlan Keltner, of Pyrus, and Miss Annie Wilson, of Milltown, drove to Columbia, and were happily married by Eld Z. T. Williams. This is a marriage of five years courtship. Mr. Keltner is one of Adair's best young teachers, and is at present working on his mother's farm. He was a student in the L. W. T. S., for two terms. The bride is one of Milltown's excellent young ladies. Both the bride and groom were 22 years old. Their many friends wish them success and happiness.

Mr. J. T. Goodman, who has been

in the Ozark Mountains, Missouri, for some weeks, writes his family every few days, that his health is improving rapidly; that he was gaining a half pound per day, and would probably come home for a short visit the first of April.

Last Tuesday Dolphus Curry and

Jesse Scott were arraigned before Judge Sinclair, charged with stealing chickens. Scott turned State's evidence and he was released. Curry was held to await the action of the grand jury. In Scott's statement he

generally, particularly in view of the implicated another person.

No. 6769.

RESERVE DISTRICT NO. 8.

REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

AT COLUMBIA, IN THE STATE

OF KENTUCKY, AT THE CLOSE

OF BUSINESS FEB. 21, 1921.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts, including discounts, (except those shown in b and c) \$197 429 44

Acceptances of other banks discounted \$35 000 00

Total Loans \$232 459 44

Deposited to secure circulation U. S. Bonds (par value) \$25 000 00

Owned and pledged \$4 050 00

Total U. S. Government securities \$29 050 00

Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged \$10 920 66

Total Bonds, securities, etc. other than U. S. 10 920 66

Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription) 1 050 00

Value of Banking house owned and unincumbered \$1 000 00

Furniture and fixtures 500 00

Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank 20 198 88

Cash in vault and net amount due from National Banks 64 541 54

Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 15) 225 61

Total of items 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16 64 767 15

Checks on banks located outside of city or town of reporting bank and other cash items 333 37

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer 1 250 00

Interest earned but not collected—approximate—on Notes and Bills Receivable not past due 750 00

Total \$383 179 50

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in 25 000 00

Surplus fund 42 500 00

Undivided profits \$3 943 29

Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid \$963 69

Interest and discount collected or credited, in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate) 500 00

Amount reserved for taxes accrued 2 828 01

Circulating Notes outstanding 24 300 00

Net amounts due to National Banks 417 62

Total of items 23, 29, 30, 31 and 32 417 62

Individual deposits subject to check 284 654 27

Dividends unpaid none

Total of demand deposits (other than bank deposits) subject to Reserve, Items 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, and 28 284 654 27

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The VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

BY
PETER B. KYNE
AUTHOR OF "CAPPY RICKS"
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships, and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-day-old Bryce Cardigan.

CHAPTER II.—At fourteen Bryce makes the acquaintance of Shirley Sumner, a visitor to Sequoia, and his junior by a few years. Together they visit the Valley of the Giants, where Bryce's mother and his son as the burial place of Bryce's mother, and part with mutual regret.

CHAPTER III.—While Bryce is at college, John Cardigan meets with heavy business losses and for the first time views the future with uncertainty.

CHAPTER IV.—After graduation from college, and a trip abroad, Bryce Cardigan comes home. On the train he meets Shirley Sumner again. Together they visit the Valley of the Giants, and Bryce's mother and his son as the burial place of Bryce's mother, and part with mutual regret.

CHAPTER V.—In the Valley of the Giants young Cardigan finds a tree felled directly across his mother's grave. Indignant, he demands that it be cut down to save the burl, and evidence seems to show that Pennington and his woods-hands, Jules Rondeau, are implicated in the outrage.

CHAPTER VI.—Dining with Col. Pennington and his niece, Bryce finds the woods-hands, Jules Rondeau, who had escaped at the risk of his life cuts out the caboose and saves them from certain death, being painfully injured in doing so.

CHAPTER VII.—Pennington refuses to renew his logging contract with the Cardigans, believing his action means bankruptcy for the latter. Bryce forces Rondeau to tell him the secret of the Valley of the Giants, at Pennington's order. After punishing the man, Bryce buries him at Col. Pennington, who, with Shirley, had witnessed the fight. Pennington, and the girl, Shirley, force Bryce to leave home and forget their friendship. He leaves, but refuses to accept dismissal.

CHAPTER VIII.—Returning to Sequoia, the train on which Shirley, her uncle, and Bryce are traveling breaks away from the locomotive, and Bryce would have escaped at the risk of his life cuts out the caboose and saves them from certain death, being painfully injured in doing so.

CHAPTER IX.—Moira McTavish, childhood friend of Bryce and employed in his office, makes Shirley's acquaintance and the two become friends. Needing money badly, John Cardigan offers to sell Pennington the Valley of the Giants, but the Colonel demands the property must soon be his through the bankruptcy of his enemies, contemptuously refuses. Unknown to her uncle, Shirley buys the Valley and the Cardigans have a new lease of business life. Their interest capitalizes a decision of a scheme to parallel Pennington's logging railroad.

CHAPTER X.—Buchanan Oglivy, railroad contractor and Bryce's college friend, is despatched by John Cardigan as the man to figure in the builder of the proposed railroad. Bryce goes to San Francisco to meet him.

When Moira returned to the office of the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company, Shirley rang for her maid. "Bring me my motorcoat and hat, Thelma," she ordered, "and telephone for the limousine." She seated herself before the mirror at her dressing-table and dusted her adorable nose with a powder-puff. "Mr. Smartie Cardigan," she murmured happily, "you walked rough-shod over my pride, didn't you? Placed me under an obligation I could never hope to meet—and then ignored me—didn't you? Very well, old boy. We all have our innings sooner or later, you know, and I'm going to make a substantial payment on that huge obligation as sure as my name is Shirley Sumner. Then, some day when the sun is shining for you again, you'll come to me and be, very, very humble. You're entirely too independent, Mr. Cardigan, but, oh, my dear, I do hope you will not need so much money. I'll be put to my wit's end to get it to you without letting you know, because if your affairs go to smash, you'll be perfectly intolerable."

She paused suddenly. "No, I'll not do that, either," she soliloquized. "I'll keep it myself—for an investment. I'll show Uncle Seth I'm a business woman, after all. He has had his fair chance at the Valley of the Giants, after waiting years for it, and now he has deliberately sacrificed that chance to be mean and vindictive. I'll buy the valley but keep my identity secret from everybody; then, when Uncle Seth finds a stranger in possession, he'll have a fit, and perhaps, before he recovers, he'll sell me all his Squaw creek timber—only he'll never know I'm the buyer. Shirley, my dear, I'm pleased with you. Really, I never knew until now why men could be so devoted to business. Won't it be jolly to step in between Uncle Seth and Bryce Cardigan, hold up my hand like a policeman, and say: 'Stop it, boys. No fighting, if you please. And if anybody wants to know who's boss around here, start something.'"

When her uncle came home that night, Shirley observed that he was preoccupied and disinclined to conversation.

"I noticed in this evening's paper," she remarked presently, "that Mr. Cardigan has sold his Valley of the Giants. So you bought it, after all?"

"No such luck!" he almost barkled.

"I'm an idiot. I should be placed in



I Should Be Placed in Charge of a Keeper."

charge of a keeper. Now, for heaven's sake, Shirley, don't discuss that timber with me, for if you do, I'll go plain, lunatic crazy."

"Poor Uncle Seth," she purred sweetly. Her apparent sympathy soothed his rasped soul. He continued:

"Oh, I'll get the infernal property, and it will be worth what I have to pay for it, only it certainly does gravels to me that I am about to be held up, with no help in sight. I'll see Judge Moore tomorrow and offer him a quick profit for his client. That's the game, you know."

"I do hope the new owner exhibits some common sense, uncle dear," she replied, and turned back to the piano. "But I greatly fear," she added to herself, "that the new owner is going to prove a most obstinate creature and frighteningly hard to discover."

True to his promise, the Colonel called on Judge Moore bright and early the following morning. "Act Three of that little business drama entitled 'The Valley of the Giants,' my dear judge," he announced pleasantly. "I play the lead in this act. You remember me, I hope. I played a bit in Act Two."

"In so far as my information goes, sir, you've been cut out of the cast in Act Three. I don't seem to find any lines for you to speak."

"One line, judge; one little line, What profit does your client want on that quarter-section?"

"That quarter-section is not in the market, Colonel. When it is, I'll send for you, since you're the only logical prospect should my client decide to sell. And remembering how you butted in on politics in this county last fall and provided a slush fund to beat me and place a crook on the Superior court bench, in order to give you an edge in the many suits you are always filing or having filed against you, I rise to remark that you have about ten split seconds in which to disappear from my office. If you linger longer, I'll start throwing papers longer. And as if to emphasize his remark, the judge's hand closed over one of the articles in question.

The Colonel withdrew with what dignity he could muster.

* * * * *

Upon his return from the office that night, Bryce Cardigan found his father had left his bed and was seated before the library fire.

"Feeling a whole lot better today, eh, pal?" his son queried.

John Cardigan smiled. "Yes, son," he replied plaintively. "I guess I'll manage to live till next spring."

"Oh, I knew there was nothing wrong with you, John Cardigan, that a healthy check wouldn't cure. Well, we can afford to draw our breath now, and that gives us a fighting chance, partner. And right after dinner you and I will sit down and start brewing a pot of powerful bad medicine for the Colonel."

Accordingly, dinner disposed of, father and son sat down together to prepare the plan of campaign. For the space of several minutes a silence settled between them, the while they puffed meditatively upon their cigars. Then the old man spoke.

"We'll have to fight him in the dark."

"Why?"

"Because if Pennington knows, or even suspects the identity of the man who is going to parallel his logging

railroad, he will throw all the weight of his truly capable mind, his wealth and his ruthlessness against you—and you will be smashed. You have one advantage starting out. The Colonel doesn't think you have the courage to parallel his road in the first place; in the second place, he knows you haven't the money; and in the third place he is morally certain you cannot borrow it, because you haven't any collateral to secure your note. So, all things considered the Colonel will be slow to suspect us of having an ace in the hole; but by links we have it, and we're going to play it. You must engage some reliable engineer to look over the proposed route of the road and give us an estimate of the cost of construction."

"For the sake of argument we will consider that done, and that the estimate comes within the scope of the sum Gregory is willing to advance us."

"Now, then, you are going to incorporate a company to build a road twelve miles long—and a private road, at that. That would be a fatal step. Pennington would know somebody was going to build a logging road, and regardless of who the builders were, he would have to fight them in self-protection. How are you going to cover your trail, my son?"

Bryce pondered. "I will, to begin, have a dummy board of directors. Also, my road cannot be private; since we must be a common carrier, we might as well carry our deception still further and incorporate for the purpose of building a road from Sequoia to Grant's Pass, Ore., there to connect with the Southern Pacific."

John Cardigan smiled. "The old dream revived, eh? Well, the old jokes always bring a hearty laugh. People will laugh at your company, because folks up this way realize that the construction cost of such a road is prohibitive."

"Well, since we're not going to build more than twelve miles of our road during the next year, and probably not more than ten miles additional during the present century, we won't worry over it. It doesn't cost a cent more to procure a franchise to build a road from here to the moon. If we fail to build to Grant's Pass, our franchise to build the uncompleted portion of the road merely lapses and we hold only that portion which we have constructed. That's all we want to hold. Moreover, deeds to rights of way can be drawn with a time-limit, after which they revert to the original owners."

"Good strategy, my son! And certainly as a common carrier we will be welcomed by the farmers and cattlemen along our short line."

"Well, that about completes the rough outline of our plan. We have a year in which to build our road; if we do not hurry, the mill will have to shut down for lack of logs, when our contract with Pennington expires."

"You forget the manager for our new corporation—the vice president and general manager. He must be a man of real ability and a person you can trust implicitly."

"I have the very man. His name is Buck Oglivy and only this very day I received a letter from him begging me for a small loan. I have Buck on ice in a fifth-class San Francisco hotel."

"Tell me about him, Bryce."

"I'll read you his letter. I claim there is more character in a letter than in a face."

Here Bryce read aloud:

"Golden Gate Hotel—Rooms Fifty Cents and Up.

"San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 16, 1916.

"My dear Cardigan: Hark to the voice of one crying in the wilderness; then picture to yourself the unlovely spectacle of a strong man crying.

"Let us assume that you have to pay for it, only it certainly does gravels to me that I am about to be held up, with no help in sight. I'll see Judge Moore tomorrow and offer him a quick profit for his client. That's the game, you know."

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CHAPTER XI.

When Bryce Cardigan walked down the gangplank at the steamship dock in San Francisco, the first face he saw among the waiting crowd was Buck Oglivy's. Oglivy thrust forth a great speckled paw for Bryce to shake. Bryce ignored it.

"Why, don't you remember me?" Oglivy demanded. "I'm Buck Oglivy."

Bryce looked him fairly in the eye and favored him with a lightning wink.

"I have never heard of you, Mr. Oglivy."

Bryce pondered. "I will, to begin, have a dummy board of directors. Also, my road cannot be private; since we must be a common carrier, we might as well carry our deception still further and incorporate for the purpose of building a road from Sequoia to Grant's Pass, Ore., there to connect with the Southern Pacific."

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"For the sake of argument we will consider that done, and that the estimate comes within the scope of the sum Gregory is willing to advance us."

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SCHOOL DAYS



Something to Think About THE JOB AND THE MAN
By F. A. Walker

IN ALL history, sacred and profane, there is no more interesting figure than that of King Solomon. Wise beyond the other rulers of his time, his reputation stretches over from the days of the Old Testament into the records inscribed by the writers of the Christian era and he stands as the type of magnificence and wisdom.

You will find much to interest you in reading the story of Bathsheba, the mother of Solomon. Many a modern "best seller" has filled in that ancient story with modern characters. You will be interested in how Solomon came to be king and what he did after his rule began. You will be interested in the fact that although he was a wise man he had his weaknesses and died at the age of sixty from worn-out body.

The most interesting event in Solomon's life is recorded in I Kings, third chapter, beginning with the fifth verse. Somewhat condensed it reads as follows:

In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon . . . and God said, ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said . . . Thou hast made Thy Servant king instead of David my father, and I am but a little child. I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore Thy servant an understanding heart to judge Thy people, that I may discern between good and bad, for who is able to judge this? So great a people! . . . And God said unto him, because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; . . . Behold, I have done according to thy words; lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart . . . and I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches, and honor, so that there shall not be any like unto thee.

The great trouble with the most of us is that we lack an understanding heart. Parents do not have an understanding heart in the consideration of their children and children lack it regarding their parents.

If our public officials could have an understanding heart when they consider the problems of the people how much more wisely they would govern.

If the heads of nations could have understanding hearts how completely the faculty would take the places of armies and battlefields, bloodshed and destruction, in the solution of the world's problems.

We should all cultivate a viewpoint outside ourselves.

Selishness, envy and covetousness are responsible for more evil than all the other human characteristics.

The golden rule has in all ages been the basis of religion. Confucius wrote it down before the Christian era began. Mahomed made it a part of his creed, and as far back as there is a trace of any code for human conduct "Do unto others as you would be done by" has been a foundation stone.

It is the understanding heart that establishes the basis for that reciprocity of action. It is the understanding heart that tells us when we have put our neighbor on an equality with ourselves and made due allowance for whatever difference there may be in wealth, in position, in intelligence and in opportunity.

We pray for a good many things we do not need. We seek for what we think would be blessings, not knowing that we are better off without them. How few of us seek to have, that broad view of life, that generous attitude of mind, that charity of vision and liberality of thought which constitute the thing which Solomon asked above all other things and which choice received so thorough commendation.

It is a short prayer, easily learned and quickly said: "Give me, O Lord, an understanding heart."

(Copyright)

In North Australia there are certain cannibal tribes who make a practice of eating their slain friends, but not their enemies.

THE GIRL ON THE JOB
How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good
By JESSIE ROBERTS

EMPHASIS ON HEALTH

YOUR economic success is largely a matter of good health; this fact is being recognized today as it never was before. No one can do good work and be out of sorts. Any serious or prolonged illness is a drain on your earning power and an increase in your expense account.

"Keep Well" is a slogan you might just as well adopt at once, and then live up to. For very largely it is in your own hands whether or not you shall be in good health.

No woman should work at a job that is hurting her. No question of high salary will pay her for such recklessness. There are jobs a man can do with no harm, but not a woman. Let her leave such work alone.

There are rules of hygiene, as excellent as they are simple, which it is up to you to know and understand. You must be properly fed, properly rested, kept clean and unclogged.

Don't fill yourself with patent medicines. If you are ill see the best doctor you can get and do what he tells you. If you have any reason to fear that you are not in good condition go to a reputable man or to a hospital for a complete physical examination. Don't put this off because you are busy or fear the expense.

Put your emphasis on health. Don't fool with a good constitution simply because you are blessed with one. If your work is trying, treat yourself during your rest time with consideration, give the machine a chance to recuperate, or change your job.

(Copyright)

THE WOODS
BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

MARCH.

IN what travail is our Springtime born!—
Mid leaden skies and garmenture of gloom.
Wild waves of cloud the drifting stars consume.
And shipless seas of heaven greet the morn.
The forest trees stand sad and tempest-torn,
Memories of Summer's ended bloom;

For unto March, the sister most forlorn,
No roses come her pathway to illume.

Yet 'tis the month the Winter northward flies
With one last trumpeting of savage might,

Now stirs the earth of green that underlies
This other earth enwrapped in garb of white.

And while poor March, grown weary, droops and dies
The little Springtime opens wide its eyes.

(Copyright)

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I sat down once to write a verse—
A feeling came too strong for me
My little soul went soaring far,
A leaf wind-swept by poetry.

(Copyright)

O

In North Australia there are certain cannibal tribes who make a practice of eating their slain friends, but not their enemies.

BIG STOCK OF CLOTHING

I am now ready to supply young men, old men and boys with clothing. I have an immense stock and receiving new supplies daily. I can interest you in prices. If you need anything in this line, call at once.

SHOES! SHOES!!

My stock of fine shoes for men and boys was selected with care. I bought them right, and they are being sold at the shortest profit.

I can also accommodate ladies and young girls with the latest styles in shoes.

BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

I have a large supply of the very best makes and I am selling them at living prices. Riding and walking plows, all kinds at LIBERAL DISCOUNT for CASH.

It matters not what you need on the farm, I can please you in the article and price.

WOODSON LEWIS

GREENSBURG, - - - - - KENTUCKY.

Columbia Barber Shop

MORAN & LOWE

A Sanitary Shop, where both Satisfaction and Gratification are Guaranteed.

Give us a Trial and be Convinced.

THE MILE.

THE Roman unit of long measure was 1,000 paces, called a "mili," Latin for 1,000. The distance was, of course, only approximate, but the word, shortened to "mile," persisted and all the modern units are derived from it. One minute of Earth's equator was chosen as the geographical mile. There are 10 recognized standard miles, varying from 1 to 6.64 times our statute mile of 5,280 feet, which was defined in Queen Elizabeth's time.

(Copyright)

Used 40 Years

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

Sold Everywhere

L. H. Jones

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist of a
Special attention given Disease
Domestic Animals
Office at Residence, 1 mile of town, on
Highway road.

Columbia, Ky.

Mother's Cook Book

The longer on this earth we live and weigh the various qualities of men, The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty Of plain devotedness to duty. Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise, But finding amplest recompense For life's ungraveled expense In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell.

GOOD THINGS FOR ALL THE FAMILY.

ONE of the first essentials to a good meal is good bread of some kind. The following recipe will be found all right:

White Oatmeal Bread.

Pour two cupfuls of scalded milk over one cupful of rolled oats. Milk and water may be used if all milk is not economy; add a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of shortening and when lukewarm add one-third or more of a compressed yeast cake, softened with half a cupful of water. Add wheat flour to make a dough to knead and knead from five to ten minutes. Return to the mixing bowl, cover and let rise until double its bulk. Shape for two-pound loaf bread pans. When light, bake one hour. This recipe requires about five cupfuls of flour.

Lemon Honey Cakes.

Heat one cupful of honey to the boiling point; add two and one-half tablespoonsfuls of shortening and let cool. When cold stir in one and one-third cupfuls of flour and set aside over night. When ready to bake add the grated rind of a lemon, one and one-half tablespoonsfuls of lemon juice, one-third of a cupful of finely chopped blanched almonds, one-third of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of water. Beat in all together thoroughly. Bake in small round cup cake pans for 20 minutes.

Molded Rice Pudding.
Cook one-half cupful of rice in one



HAD NOTHING ON HIM

The Professor: The Vestal Virgins kept their altar fire burning constantly.

The Sophomore: That's nothing.

They had a lot of 'em on the job.

Last winter I kept eight furnace fires goin' all by myself and not one

of 'em went out on me.

The Allied armies and Navies are preparing for a stroke at Germany to force an acceptance of the war indemnity

Subscribe for The News.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

AS TO THE GALLERY:

I care not if they say of me
I play unto the gallery,
For in those places up on high
Where wealth and fashion seldom fly,
I find that many a fellow sits
With solid mind and nimble wits,
Who hath a soul as full of glow
As any sitting down below,
While 'mongst the more exclusive
I've found a head that's mighty soft,
With naught for its location fit
Except the cash to pay for it.

(Copyright)

Adair County News

Published on Wednesdays.

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, EDITOR
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, MGRDemocratic newspaper devoted to the interest
the City of Columbia and the people of Adair
and adjoining counties.Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second
mail matter.**WEDN. MCH. 9. 1921.**Subscription Price 1st and 2nd Postal Zone
1.50 per year.
All Zones beyond 2nd \$2.00 per year
A Subscription due and payable in Advance**Announcements.**

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce that W. B. Patterson is a candidate for Sheriff of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican party, expressed at the August primary.

For County Judge

We are authorized to announce Gec. T. Herriford a candidate for Judge of the Adair County Court, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August.

We are authorized to announce that Walter S. Sinclair is a candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August.

For Sheriff.

After talking with many friends, I have decided to become a Candidate for Sheriff of Adair County, subject to the action of the Republican party at the primary election to be held on August 6th, 1921. If elected I promise my faithful service in the performance of my duties. I shall feel deeply grateful to all who may see proper to give me their support and influence.

Very Truly Yours,
George Coffey.

FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce Mr. Bingham Moore a candidate for County Court Clerk of Adair County, subject to the action of the Republican party, as expressed at the primary, first Saturday in August.

FOR COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY

We are authorized to announce that A. A. Huddleston, of Cumberland County, is a candidate for re-election to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney in the 29th Judicial district, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August, 1921.

FOR JAILER.

We are authorized to announce Frank Woiford Miller, of the Eunice precinct, a candidate for Jailer of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican primary, to be held in August.

FOR CIRCUIT COURT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce M. C. Winfrey a candidate for re-election to the office of Circuit Court Clerk of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August, 1921.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF S. C. NEAT FOR RE-ELECTION.

After having talked with my friends from all parts of the County, and having received letters from different parts of the County from both the aged and the young, pledging me their support for re-election, I have decided to become a candidate for re-election to the office of County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Republican Primary to be held on August 6th, 1921.

Very Respt,
S. C. Neat.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY.

We are authorized to announce Julius Hancock a candidate for County Attorney of Adair County, subject to the action of the Republican party, to be expressed at the August primary to be held August 6th.

The Evening Post says: "the trouble about a wood alcohol "skate" is that it lands you where there's no ice."

Last Friday at about the noon hour, Woodrow Wilson's labors as President of the United States came to a close. For eight years he was the Chief Executive of this nation, and four years of that time were unusually stormy. He was the Commander-in-Chief during a most bloody, expensive World war, and during the four years it was waged, his chief desire was for peace, a lasting peace. Germany finally went down and the armistice was signed. No man ever went through as many trying months and anxiety for his country as did Woodrow Wilson. He went to Europe and with representatives of other allied nations a peace treaty was edited and signed; but when President Wilson came home with the document a partisan Senate refused to ratify his action. This indeed was humiliating—turning down his efforts to bring a lasting peace, we might say to the entire world. Broken in health, and mortified beyond expression, he took his bed and for weeks his life was in the balance, millions of people praying for his recovery. A man of the strongest character, he looked death in the face, satisfied that he had done what he could for suffering humanity. His appeals and the petitions of his friends to his Maker in all probability saved his life. Whatever the enemies of Woodrow Wilson may say of his acts, he will go down in history as one of America's greatest men, one that will not be forgotten, and whose deeds for his country's sake will be read and praised by all thinking men for generations to come.

Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri, died in his apartments, Washington, D. C., last Wednesday at 2:10 in the afternoon. He had served in the House for twenty-six years, and his death came two days before the last term he was serving had expired. He was Speaker of the House eight years. He was a prominent candidate for the Presidency in the Democratic Convention held at Baltimore when Mr. Wilson was nominated for his first term. He was a man of wonderful ability, and his death is a great loss to Missouri, the nation and the Democratic party. He was 71 years old, a native of Kentucky, born in Anderson county.

In simplicity Mr. Harding was inaugurated President of the United States last Friday. We hope and trust that his term of office will give satisfaction to the business interest of the country; that it may be an economical administration, and that a peace treaty may be speedily agreed upon. There will be no peace until a treaty is signed, and no man knows this any better than President Harding. We certainly hope that his term of office will not be fraught with as much trouble as the outgoing President had to contend with during the last four years of his administration.

Judge C. A. Hardin, Harrodsburg, was selected last week by the two State Committees to lead the Democrats of the State in the fight for the Representatives of the lower House and for the State Senate. Campbell Cantrill wanted the job, but the committees wanted Hardin.

The allies are after Germany with a hot stick, and it begins to look, that if they continue to refuse to pay, there is going to be something doing. Gen. Foch is ready and his men are anxious.

There is no let up in whisky stealing from the government. Fourteen barrels were stolen last Tuesday night from the Walker Distillery Company, Bardstown. It was valued at \$22,400. The particulars of the robbery have not been given out by the Collector, nor was it stated from his office that there was a clew to the thieves. The continuous robbing of government warehouses is beginning to stink, and we look for an explosion at any time. It is believed that Collector Hamilton is doing his duty, but with all his cautiousness, the slick gentrys are doing effective work in their line.

A traveling man was in Columbia last Thursday and while in Russell & Taylor's drug-store, the prohibition enforcement laws came into the conversation. He



KY. HATCHERY, 340 West 4th Street, LEXINGTON, KY.

Sprigg, West Va.

Mr. J. E. Murrell, Editor,
The Adair County News,
Columbia, Ky.

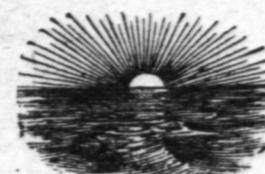
Dear Mr. Murrell:

I enclose herewith my check for \$2.00. Please keep the paper coming for the next year. In comparison with the disorder and crime that is running rife in this country, it is a pleasure to read of the peace, quiet and prosperity of a little town such as Columbia. I presume that you have read something of the so called "Battle of Matewan". The Chief of Police of the town was the principal actor in the battle, and his trial is on in Williamson now for the murder of about three detectives. The evidence is going pretty hard with "Sid". It seems that it has been proven beyond doubt that he fired the first shot, that resulted in the death of ten men in ten minutes, and did it in accordance with a prearranged plot to get rid of the men in the quickest manner.

Business is pretty dull here now on account of the strike and it is hitting us pretty hard, but we are hoping it will improve in the next few months. I close

with best wishes to you and the force.

Attention Farmers!



The Season has Arrived for you to Purchase your Machinery, Plows, Etc. Also Seed. We have Everything You Need, and can furnish you at the Lowest Figures,

Buggies and Wagons

We are also Supplied with Handsome Buggies, the very Best Make. If you need a Good Farm Wagon, we would like to Furnish You.

Davis Hardware Co.

Mr. Edison's Wonderful

New Phonograph

Sent On Trial

APPLICATION FOR FREE TRIAL.

DEAR SIR:

I should like to hear a NEW EDISON DIAMOND AMBEROLA in my home on a free trial. I understand that this places me under no obligation whatsoever. I only agree to try this instrument and to advise you promptly in 10 days, whether I desire to purchase it or return it.

I should like to have you send me,

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Model 50, Price \$68.00 and 12 60c Blue Amberol Records. Total Value \$75.20. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Model 30, Price \$41.00 and 12 60c Blue Amberol Records. Total Value \$48.20. |

Put a Cross in square opposite the outfit you desire and mail to me at once, giving full name and address.

I am agent for the New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph and Records. Call or write me for 15 days free trial in your home. Catalogue on request.

I can also furnish you with several other Standard Make Machines. Prices from \$35.00 to \$400.00. All Machines sent on free trial. Don't fail to see me before buying, for I am sure I can save you money. I can furnish you records for any Talking Machine made. Mail orders promptly filled. Record Catalogues mailed on request without cost to owners of Edison's Cylinder Machines.

Machines and Records on display at Russell & Taylor's Drug Store.

For prompt service, mail all orders to

HERBERT TAYLOR, Columbia, Ky.

with best wishes to you and the force.

Very truly yours,
W. B. Garnett.

Secretary of Navy Josephus Daniels may seek to supplant Senator Simmons in the Senate from North Carolina.

The American Federation of Labor has made a sweeping denunciation of the soviet government of Russia as an enemy to labor.

Adair County News \$1.50

PERSONAL

Barksdale Hamlett has the mumps. Mr. B. F. Suttles, Barbourville, was here recently.

Mr. L. M. Young was critically ill last Sunday.

Mrs. W. S. Chapman is visiting in Springfield.

Mrs. Lawrence Pickett is a victim of the mumps.

Mrs. Horace Jefferies was quite sick a few days last week.

Chelcie Barger and wife have returned from Corbin.

Mr. O. C. Pace, who sells fertilizers, was in Columbia recently.

Mrs. W. I. Fraser has returned from visit to Indianapolis.

Mr. A. Isaacs, Berea, was at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Mr. Ernest Miller, Creelsboro, was on streets a few days since.

Mr. John F. Platt, Louisville, was in this community a few days ago.

Mr. J. H. Hagan, Lebanon, made a visit to Columbia a few days ago.

Dr. H. W. Depp practiced his profession all last week at Russell Springs

Mr. J. H. Pickett, of Campbells-ville, was here a few days of last week.

Mr. Jo C. Sims, the tombstone man, was here, from Lebanon, a few days since.

Mr. Edward Hamlett spent last Saturday and Sunday with friends in Danville.

Mr. J. Q. Alexander, the well-known commercial traveler, was here last week.

Mr. Ray Flowers returned last week, from a business trip to Johnson county.

Mr. G. W. Whitlock, Campbellsville, was supplying our grocerymen one day last week.

Mr. A. J. Christie, Oil City, Ill., was registered at the Jeffries Hotel last Wednesday.

Mrs. Fetna Eubank, who spent the winter in Florida, reached home last Thursday night.

Messrs. T. W. Buchanan, R. J. Lyon S. E. and Robert Kerr, Campbellsville, were here Monday.

Mr. Edgar Royston, who is principal of the school at Boston, Ky., was at home last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lyon, Campbellsville, spent last Thursday with friends in Columbia.

Miss Maud Griffith, of Auburn, Ky., is visiting Mrs. H. W. Depp. She formerly taught here.

Mrs. Mary Cheatham was again taken very ill last Sunday and a trained nurse was ordered.

Mr. Omer Goode was over, from Campbellsville, taking orders for hardware, a few days since.

Mr. J. D. Sharp came in last Monday, renewing his subscription saying, "I could not make a crop without the News."

Mrs. Geo. W. Staples, of the firm of Russell & Co., returned from the Louisville and Cincinnati markets the latter part of last week.

Mr. J. B. Coffey and Mr. W. C. VanHoy made a business trip to Lexington last week. While out Mr. VanHoy sold a horse for \$450.

Mrs. E. B. Cheatham, who lives in the Bliss neighborhood, and who has been quite sick for several months, does not show marked improvement.

Mr. Gordon Montgomery, of this bar, and Mrs. Albie Eubank were in Campbellsville last Thursday, taking depositions, the latter the Examiner.

Messrs. S. E. Shively, Curtis Henderson and Ernest Harris made a business trip to the blue-grass last week. Mr. Henderson was in quest of an oil rig.

Mr. J. H. Ritchey and daughter, Miss Alleene, came up from Burkesville last Friday. Miss Alleene will remain several weeks with her sister, Mrs. John Lee Walker.

A. S. Allison, who has just returned from Oteen, N. C., where he visited his brother, who is in the U. S. Public Health Hospital at that place, states that he found him slightly improved.

Mr. J. W. Burbridge and son, Mr. Walter Burbridge, left last Tuesday for Idaho. The first named will remain a month, the latter, who has

been delicate for some months, will remain some time, hoping to regain his health.

Mr. E. B. Barger, who plays with Columbus, left here last Friday for Ranger, Texas, where his team will be in training several weeks before starting on engagements for the spring and summer.

Miss Elizabeth Bardin, a very deserving young lady and a very capable one, a native of this county, is spending two weeks with relatives and friends. For some time she has been a stenographer in the State department Springfield, Ill.

Mr. Simon Dunbar, of the State of Washington, who spent several months with friends and relatives here, left for his home Tuesday morning.

He will stop a few days with his brother, Dr. O. S. Dunbar of Lebanon. His mother also is in Lebanon.

Why Mr. N. Windsor (R. I.) Put Up with Rats for Years

"Years ago I got some rat poison, which nearly killed my fine watch dog. We put it up with rats until a friend told me about Rat-Snap. It surely kills rats, though house pets won't touch it. Rats dry up and leave no smell. Prices, 35c, 65c, \$1.25.

Sold and guaranteed by

Paul Drug Company.

"A Good Provider."

When it comes to being "a good provider," no man would pride himself on furnishing trash liberally for his family. The family is entitled to good, wholesome food that helps growth.

It is the same with reading. Good reading pleases and creates its own hunger for more good reading. The Youth's Companion is the best of reading for all—every member—every age.

And it comes every week—crowded with the best. Let us prove it with a sample.

The Youth's Companion has long since ceased to provide for "Youth" alone. It has become the favorite of all the family weekly of America. Its name is a misnomer, but is retained for the sentiment it has generated in American homes through its service to every age.

Only \$2.50 for a year of 52 issues. Serial stories, short stories, facts, fun games, puzzles, humor, etc.

The Youth's Companion, Commonwealth Ave., & St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Crandall (Iowa) Tells How She Stopped Chicken Losses

"Last spring, rats killed all our baby chicks. Wish I'd known about Rat-Snap before. With just one large package we killed swarms of rats. They won't get this year's hatch." I'll bet." Rat-Snap is guaranteed and sells for 35c, 65c, \$1.25.

Sold and guaranteed by

Paul Drug Company.

E. V. Burton and Miss Clara E. Bailey; L. T. Bradshaw and Miss Ruth Scott recently procured licenses from County Clerk Neat to take marriage vows.

An Important Notice

On account of the death of Mr. E. E. Cheatham, who was a member of the firm of Nell & Cheatham, the business of said firm must be closed within the next thirty days. Therefore, all persons owing the firm must call and settle at once. All accounts not paid within thirty days will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. If you owe the firm you can not delay.

We will sell the entire stock, consisting of between ten and twelve thousand dollars worth of goods, or we will sell the one-half which was owned by the deceased Cheatham. A bargain for some man or firm.

Geo. Nell

Mrs. Mary Cheatham

19-2t

A Rat That Didn't Smell After Being Dead for Three Months

"I swear it was dead three months," writes Mr. J. Sykes (N. J.). "I took this rat every day, put some Rat-Snap around it barrel. Months afterwards, my wife looked behind the barrel. There it was—dead."

Rat-Snap sells in three sizes f 35c, 65c, \$1.25.

Sold and guaranteed by

Paul Drug Co.

Quite a lot of stock was sold on the public square the first day of court, last Monday.

If you relish up a bitter-tasting liquid, suffer from heartburn and sour stomach, you need the tonic properties of Herbine. It is a purifying and strengthening medicine for the stomach, liver and bowels. Price, 60c. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

A Splendid Offer.

Here is a proposition we make to readers who want a city paper, but do not want a daily:

We will furnish the Adair County News and the St. Louis Twice-a-week Globe Democrat for \$1.00 per year, in Kentucky. To subscribers living in other States \$2.40.

The Twice a week Globe Democrat is one of the best and newest papers published in this county. We do not know how long this proposition will hold good, therefore, if you want the papers, call or send in your subscription at once.

"Rat-Snap Kills 48 Rats"

Written by Irvin Herkoff, Pennsylvania

He says: "After using one large package, we counted 48 dead rats. RAT-SNAP kills 'em, dries up the carcasses, and leaves no smell. Cats and dogs won't touch it. Comes in convenient size cakes; no mixing with other food. Get a package today.

Three sizes: 35c for kitchen or cellar; 65c for chicken house or corn crib; \$1.25 for barns and outbuildings. Your money back if RAT-SNAP doesn't do the work.

KILLS RATS - LEAVES NO SMELL

RAT-SNAP

Sold and Guaranteed by

Paul Drug Co.

For Sale.

I have several extra fine Jersey milk cows for sale. These cows range in age from 3 to 6 years old.

Joe Barbee, Columbia, Ky

18-3t

Public Sale.

On Saturday, the 12th day of March, I will sell at the home of Breeding Bros., near Milltown, the following:

One four year old horse.

One four year old mare.

One milk cow and calf.

20 barrels of corn. Some tobacco, Farming implements, A man's saddle, and some harness.

19-2t C. M. Thomas.

For rapid healing there is nothing like Liquid Borozone. It mends torn flesh, heals cuts, burns or sores so quickly no time is lost from work.

Price, 30c, 60c and \$1.20. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

IN THE SPRING YOUR BLOOD NEEDS A TONIC

Winter Weakens Blood, Makes Faces Pale. Take Gude's Pepto-Mangan

THE BEST KNOWN BLOOD TONIC

Drowsy Spring-Fever Feeling That Comes from Sluggish Blood Will Soon Leave You

As all growing things on earth shoot into new life in Springtime, so do the billions of cells that make up each part of the body renew their vigor.

As you open the windows, breathe the Spring air, and let in the sunshine, the red corpuscles in your blood should carry more oxygen to the tiny cells.

The red corpuscles are tiny disc-shaped particles, swimming in enormous numbers in the blood. They carry oxygen to cells in all parts of the body, and they carry away worn-out waste matter. Sometimes, especially in the Spring, after the winter indoor and more or less sickness, the red corpuscles themselves need rebuilding. Gude's Pepto-Mangan contain just the ingredients to give them greater power to absorb oxygen and to distribute it throughout the body.

That is why it is such a good Spring tonic. It helps so much to bring back color to cheeks made pale and wan by the necessary indoor winter life. It adds to the number of red corpuscles. With fine Spring days and Gude's Pepto-Mangan you gain in vigor and attain good health.

Don't go around drowsy this Spring. Take that good tonic, Gude's Pepto-Mangan. You can get it in tablet form or in liquid form at your druggist's. Both forms have the same medicinal value. Insist upon genuine Gude's Pepto-Mangan. Advertisement.

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Continued from Page 2.

exceedingly well—thank you. By the way, are you still belligerent?"

He nodded. "I have to be."

"I think you're a great big grouch, Bryce Cardigan," she flared at him. "You make me unutterably weary."

"I'm sorry," he answered, "but just at present I am forced to subject you to the strain. Say a year from now, when things are different with me, I'll strive not to offend."

"I'll not be here a year from now," she warned him.

He bowed. "Then I'll go wherever you are—and bring you back." And with a mocking little grin, he lifted his hat and passed on.

Col. Seth Pennington was among those who, skeptical at first and inclined to ridicule the project into an early grave, eventually found himself swayed by the publicity and gradually coerced into serious consideration of the results attendant upon the building of the road. The Colonel was naturally as suspicious as a rattle-snake in August; hence he had no sooner emerged from the ranks of the frank scoffers than his alert mind framed the question:

"How is this new road—improbable as I know it to be—going to affect the interests of the Laguna Grande Lumber company, if the unexpected should



"I'll Not Be Here a Year From Now," She Warned Him.

happen and those bunco-steers should actually build a road from Sequoia to Grant's Pass, Ore., and thus construct a feeder to a transcontinental line?"

Five minutes of serious reflection sufficed to bring the Colonel to the verge of panic, notwithstanding the fact that he was ashamed of himself for yielding to fright despite his firm belief that there was no reason why he should be frightened. Similar considerations occur to a small boy who is walking home in the dark past a cemetery.

The vital aspects of his predicament dawned on the Colonel one night at dinner, midway between the soup and the fish. "So forcibly did they occur to him, in fact, that for the nonce he forgot that his niece was seated opposite him.

"Confound them," the Colonel murmured distinctly, "I must look into this immediately."

"Look into what, uncle dear?" Shirley asked innocently.

"This new railroad that man Ogilvy talks of building—which means, Shirley, that with Sequoia as his starting point, he is going to build a hundred and fifty miles north to connect with the main line of the Southern Pacific in Oregon."

"But wouldn't that be the finest thing that could possibly happen to Humboldt county?" she demanded of him.

"Undoubtedly it would—to Humboldt county; but to the Laguna Grande Lumber company, in which you have something more than a sentimental interest, my dear, it would be a blow. A large part of the estate left by your father is invested in Laguna Grande stock, and as you know, all of my efforts are devoted to appreciating that stock and to fighting against anything that has a tendency to deprecate it."

Carefully he dissected a sand-dab and removed the backbone. "I'd give a ripe peach to learn the identity of the scheming buttskins who bought old Cardigan's Valley of the Giants," he said presently. "I'll be hanged if that doesn't complicate matters a little."

"You should have bought it when the opportunity offered," she reminded him.

"I dare say," he admitted lightly. "However, I didn't and now I'm going to be punished for it, my dear; so don't roast me any more. By the way, that speckled hot-alar fellow Ogilvy, who is promoting the Northern California & Oregon railroad, is back in town again. I think I'll wire the San Francisco office to look him up in Dun's and Bradstreet's. I'd sleep a whole lot more soundly to-night if I knew the answer to two very important questions."

"What are they, Uncle Seth?"

"Well, I'd like to know whether the N. C. O. is genuine or a screen to hide the operations of the Trinidad Redwood Timber company."

"It might," said Shirley, with one of

those sudden flashes of intuition peculiar to women, "be a screen to hide the operations of Bryce Cardigan. Now that he knows you aren't going to renew his hauling contract, he may have decided to build his own logging railroad."

After a pause the Colonel made answer: "No, I have no fear of that. It would cost five hundred thousand dollars to build that twelve-mile line and bridge Mad river, and the Cardigans haven't got that amount of money. What's more, they can't get it."

"But suppose," she persisted, "that the real builder of the road should prove to be Bryce Cardigan, after all What would you do?"

Colonel Pennington's eyes twinkled. "I greatly fear, my dear, I should make a noise like something doing. And as for Bryce Cardigan—well, that young man would certainly know he'd been through a fight."

"I wonder if he'll fight to the last, Uncle Seth."

"Why, I believe he will," Pennington replied soberly.

"I'd love to see you beat him."

"Shirley! Why my dear, you're growing ferocious." Her uncle's tones were laden with banter, but his countenance could not conceal the pleasure her last remark had given him.

Shirley thrust out her adorable chin aggressively. "Stick 'em up, Tige!" she answered. "Shake 'em up, boy!"

"You bet I'll shake 'em up," the Colonel declared joyously. He paused with a morsel of food on his fork and waved the fork at her aggressively. "You stimulate me into activity, Shirley. My mind has been singularly dull of late; I have worried unnecessarily, but now that I know that you are with me, I am inspired. I'll tell you how we'll fix this new railroad, if it exhibits signs of being dangerous." Again he smote the table. "We'll sew 'em up tighter than a new buttonhole."

"Do tell me how," she pleaded eagerly.

"I'll block them on their franchise to run over the city streets of Sequoia."

"How?"

"By making the mayor and the city council see things my way," he answered dryly. "Furthermore, in order to enter Sequoia, the N. C. O. will have to cross the tracks of the Laguna Grande Lumber company's line on Water street—make a jump-crossing—and I'll enjoin them and hold them up in the courts till the cows come home."

"Uncle Seth, you're a wizard."

"Well, at least I'm no slouch at looking after my own interests—and yours, Shirley. In the midst of peace we should be prepared for war. You've met Mayor Poundstone and his lady, haven't you?"

"I had tea at her house last week."

"Good news. Suppose you invite her and Poundstone here for dinner some night this week. Just a quiet little family dinner, Shirley, and after dinner you can take Mrs. Poundstone upstairs, on some pretext or other while I sound Poundstone out on his attitude toward the N. C. O."

He nodded. "I shall attend to the matter, Uncle Seth."

Five minutes after dinner was over, Shirley joined her uncle in the library and announced that His Honor the Mayor, and Mrs. Poundstone, would be delighted to dine with them on the following Thursday night.

CHAPTER XII

To return to Bryce Cardigan:

Having completed his preliminary plans to build the N. C. O., Bryce had returned to Sequoia, prepared to sit quietly on the side lines and watch his peppery henchman Ogilvy go into action.

Ogilvy's return to Sequoia following his three-weeks tour in search of rights of way for the N. C. O. was heralded by a visit from him to Bryce Cardigan at the latter's office. As he breasted the counter in the general office, Moira McTavish left her desk and came over to see what the visitor desired.

"I should like to see Mr. Bryce Cardigan," Buck began in crisp businesslike accents. He was fumbling in his card-case and did not look up until about to hand his card to Moira—when his mouth flew half open, the while he stared at her with consummate frankness. The girl's glance met his momentarily, then was lowered modestly; she took the card and carried it to Bryce.

"Hum-m-m!" Bryce grunted. "That noisy fellow Ogilvy, eh?"

"His clothes are simply wonderful—and so is his voice. He's very refined. But he's caroty red and has freckles on his hands, Mr. Bryce."

Bryce rose and sauntered into the general office.

"Mr. Bryce Cardigan?" Buck queried.

"At your service, Mr. Ogilvy. Please come in."

"Thank you so much, sir." He followed Bryce to the latter's private office, closed the door carefully behind him, and stood with his broad back against it.

"Buck, are you losing your mind?" Bryce demanded.

"Losing it? I should say not. I've just lost it."

"I believe you. If you were quite sane, you wouldn't run the risk of being seen entering my office."

"Tut-tut, old dear! None of that! Am I not the mainspring of the Northern California Oregon railroad and privileged to run the destinies of that soulless corporation as I see fit?" He sat down, crossed his long legs, and jerked a speckled thumb toward the outer office. "I was sane when I came in here, but the eyes of the girl outside—oh, yow, them eyes! I must be introduced to her."

"Love at first sight, eh, Buck?"

"I don't know what it is, but it's nice. Who is she?"

"She's Moira McTavish, and you're not to make love to her. Understand? I can't have you snooping around this office after to-day."

Mr. Ogilvy's eyes popped with interest. "Oh," he breathed. "You have an eye to the main chance yourself, have you? Have you proposed to the lady today?"

"No, you idiot."

"Then I'll match you for her—or rather for the chance to propose first."

"Nothing doing, Buck. Spare yourself these agonizing suspensions. The fact of the matter is that you give me a wonderful inspiration. I've always been afraid Moira would fall in love with some ordinary fellow around Sequoia—propinquity, you know—"

"You bet. Propinquity's the stuff. I'll stick around."

"And I've been on the lookout for a fine man to marry her off to. She's too wonderful for you, Buck, but in time you might learn to live up to her."

"Duck! I'm liable to kiss you."

"Don't be too precipitate. Her father used to be our woods-boss. I fired him for boozing."

"I wouldn't care two hoots if her dad was old Nick himself. I'm going to marry her—if she'll have me. Ah, the glorious creature!" He waved his long arms despairingly. "O Lord, send me a cure for freckles. Bryce, you'll speak a kind word for me, won't you?—sort of boom my stock, eh? Be a good fellow."

"Certainly. Now come down to earth and render a report on your stewardship."

"I'll try. To begin, I've secured rights of way, at a total cost of twelve thousand, one hundred and three dollars and nine cents, from the city limits of Sequoia to the southern boundary of your timber in Township nine. I've got my line surveyed, and so far as the building of the road is concerned, I know exactly what I'm going to do, and how and when I'm going to do it, once I get my material on the ground."

"I have an option of a rattling good second-hand locomotive down at the Santa Fe shops, and the Hawkins & Barnes Construction company has offered me a steam shovel, half a dozen flat-cars, and a lot of fresnos and scrapers at ruinous prices. We can buy or rent teams from local citizens and get half of our labor locally. And as soon as you tell me how I'm to get my material ashore and out on the job, I'll order it and get busy."

"That's exactly where the shoe begins to pinch. Pennington's main-line tracks enter the city along Water street, with one spur into his log-dump and another out on his mill-dock. From the main-line tracks we also have built a spur through our drying-yard out to our log-dump and a switch-line out to our mill-dock. We can unload our locomotive, steam shovel, and flat-cars on our own wharf, but unless Pennington gives us permission to use his main-line tracks out to a point beyond the city limits—where a Y will lead off to where the point of construction begins—we're up a stump."

"Suppose he refuses, Bryce. What then?"

"Why, we'll simply have to enter the city down Front street, paralleling Pennington's tracks on Water street, turning down B street, make a jump-crossing of Pennington's line on Water street, and connecting with the spur into our yard."

"See here, my son," Buck said solemnly, "is this your first adventure in railroad building?"

Bryce nodded.

"I thought so; otherwise you wouldn't talk so confidently of running your line over city streets and making jump-crossings on your competitor's road. If your competitor regards you as a menace to his pocket-book, he can give you a nice little run for your money and delay you indefinitely."

"I realize that, Buck. That's why I'm not appearing in this railroad deal at all. If Pennington suspected I was back of it, he'd fight me before the city council and move heaven and earth to keep me out of a franchise to use the city streets and cross his line. Of course, since his main line runs on city property, under a franchise granted by the city, the city has a perfect right to grant me the privilege of making a jump-crossing of his line."

"Will they do it? That's the problem. If they will not, you're licked, my son, and I'm out of a job."

Bryce hung his head thoughtfully. "I've been too cocksure," he muttered presently. "I shouldn't have spent that twelve thousand for rights of way until I had settled the matter of the franchise."

"Oh, I didn't buy any rights of way yet," Ogilvy hastened to assure him. "I've only signed the land-owners up on an agreement to give or sell me a

right of way at the stipulated figures any time within one year from date. Will the city council grant you a franchise to enter the city and jump Pennington's tracks?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Buck. You'll have to ask them—sound them out. The council meets Saturday morning."

"They'll meet this evening—in the private dining room of the Hotel Sequoia, if I can arrange it," Buck Ogilvy declared emphatically. "I'm going to have them all up for dinner and talk the matter over. I know the breed from cover to cover. Following a preliminary conference, I'll let you know whether you're going to get that franchise without difficulty or whether somebody's itchy palm will have to be crossed with silver first. By

the way, what do you know about your blighted old city council, anyway?"

"Two of the five councilmen are for sale; two are honest men—and one is an uncertain quantity. The mayor is a politician. I've known them all since boyhood, and if I dared come out in the open, I think that even the crooks have sentiment enough for what the Cardigans stand for in this country to decline to hold me up."

"Then why not come out in the open and save trouble and expense?"

"I am not ready to have a lot of notes called on me," Bryce replied dryly. "Neither am I desirous of having the Laguna Grande Lumber company start a riot in the redwood lumber market by cutting prices to a point where I would have to sell my lumber at a loss in order to get hold of a little ready money. I tell you, the man has me under his thumb, and the only way I can escape is to slip out when he isn't looking."

"Hum-m-m! Slimy old bogger, isn't he? I dare say he wouldn't hesitate to buy the city council to block you, would he?"

"I know he'll lie and steal. I dare say he'd corrupt a public official."

Buck Ogilvy rose and stretched himself. "I've got my work cut out for me, haven't I?" he declared with a yawn. "However, it'll be a fight worth while, and that at least will make it interesting. Well?"

Bryce pressed the buzzer on his desk, and a moment later Moira entered. "Permit me, Moira, to present Mr. Ogilvy. Mr. Ogilvy, Miss McTavish." The introduction having been acknowledged by both parties, Bryce continued: "Mr. Ogilvy will have frequent need to interview me at this office, Moira, but it is our joint desire that his visits here shall remain a profound secret to everybody with the exception of ourselves. To that end he will hereafter call at night, when this portion of the town is absolutely deserted. You have an extra key to the office, Moira. I wish you would give it to Mr. Ogilvy."

Moira inclined her dark head and withdrew. Mr. Buck Ogilvy groaned. "God speed the day when you can come out from under and I'll be permitted to call during office hours," he murmured. He picked up his hat and withdrew, via the general office. Half an hour later, Bryce looked out and saw him draped over the counter, engaged in animated conversation with Moira McTavish. Before Ogilvy left, he had managed to impress Moira with a sense of the unmitigated horror of being a stranger in a strange town, forced to sit around hotel lobbies with drummers and other lost souls, and drew from Moira the assurance that it wasn't more distressing than to have to sit around a boarding-house night after night watching old women tat and tattle.

This was the opening Buck Ogilvy had sparred for. Fixing Moira with his bright blue eyes, he grinned boldly and said: "Suppose, Miss McTavish, we start a league for the dispersion of gloom. You be the president, and I'll be the financial secretary."

"How would the league operate?" Moira demanded cautiously.

"Well, it might begin by giving a dinner to all the members, followed by a little motor-trip into the country next Saturday afternoon," Buck suggested.

Moira's Madonna glance appraised him steadily. "I haven't known you very long, Mr. Ogilvy," she reminded him.

"Oh, I'm easy to get acquainted with," he retorted lightly. "Besides, don't I come well recommended?" He pondered for a moment. Then: "Tell me what, Miss McTavish. Suppose we put it up to Bryce Cardigan. If he says it's all right we'll pull off the party. If he says it's all wrong, I'll go out and drown myself—and fairer

than tattle."

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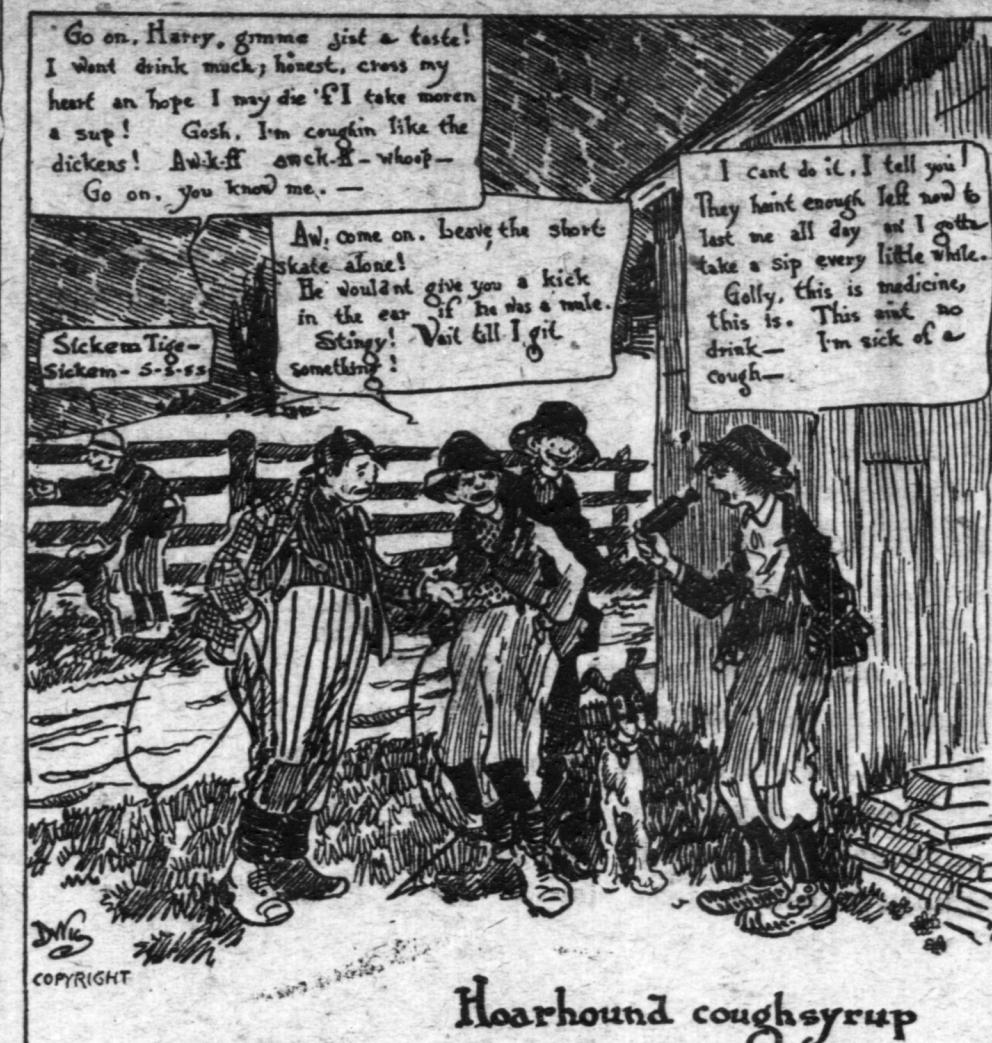
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SCHOOL DAYS



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THE WOODS

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE LETTER.

I CAN'T tell you, girl, how I love you—it is something the woods never teach; I can lie all the night and think of you, but I can't put the matter in speech—but it's love like the blue skies above that around the whole universe reach:

It is love that is wide as the arches of stars from the east to the west; It is love that is long as the marches of sunrise to sunset and rest; It is love that is strong as the larches that mount to earth's uttermost crest.

In the woods we are rougher than others you know in the parlors of town; To the wolf and the wild we are brothers, we are kin to the creatures of brown; It is long since we crept to our mothers and slept on our pillows of down.

For we sleep in the huts of the humble and we live on a sturdy fare; And the music we hear is the rumble of thunders of earth and of air Where the pine and the tamarack tumble and the pathway of progress prepare.

Yet this land is the land of the lover, the place for a love such as mine; Oh, sweet is the scent of the clover, but strong is the heart of the pine; Love's cup in the town bubbles over, but here it is purple as wine.

We live and we love and we labor up here on a mightier scale; To the north and the night we are neighbor, we are kin of the star and the gale;

The lightning it threatens with its sabre, the northwind it stings with its hall; And the heart of the man is made stronger with the strength of the thing that he fights.

And the love of his heart is made longer by the length of the longest nights—For the love whose heart is a stranger longs most for a lover's delights.

The fellow away from the city the tricks of the city forgets; He can't say the thing that is witty, he can't breathe his soul in regrets; He can't say the thing that is pretty to please the pink ear of coquettes.

For the bigness of life is about him, the bigness of heaven and star; Though the city runs round without him, forgetting the forest afar, When he speaks let no cleverness doubt him, for he speaks of the things as they are.

And this is the love that I bring you, the love of the man out-of-doors; And this is the song that I sing you, the song that the nightingale pours; The song that the nightingales sing from eventide's musical shores.

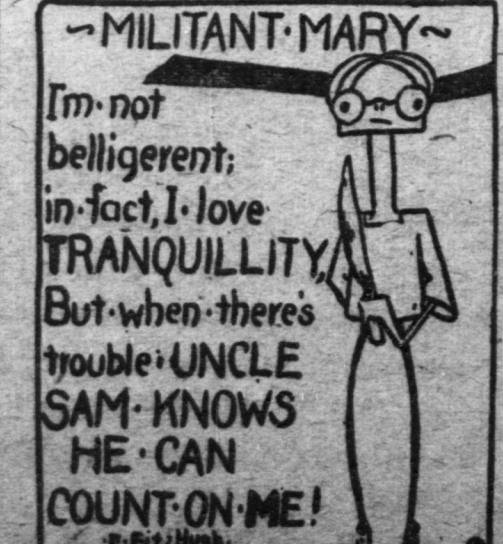
The shepherd boy carols his meter, and follows the feet of the herds; The song of the skylark is fleeter because of the absence of words; Is the language of mortals the sweater, more sweet than the music of birds?

My lips they may tremble to say it, however my pulses may beat; The tale that I tell you may weigh it and find it a tale incomplete—But here is my heart, and I lay it all voiceless and mute, at your feet.

I can't tell you, girl, the old story, embellished with city-bred lies; Tell tale that a planet grown hoary still hears with the oldest surprise—But the night is all starshine and glory because I have looked in your eyes.

The night is all starshine and splendor up here in the tamarack lands; The night is all moonlit and tender because of the touch of your hands—And your eyes they may widen with wonder, but I know that your heart understands.

(Copyright.)



THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

WOMEN IN BANKS

THE big banks and trust companies are beginning to put women into important positions. And the girl just out of college who is looking for a job may find it well worth her while to interview a banker as to getting a start. She will have to begin at the bottom, but she stands an excellent chance to get well up to the top.

Take the case of a woman who has recently been made assistant secretary to the New York Trust company. Her special work will be to assist the clients of the company to prepare their personal budgets, and to advise minors in the charge of the company how best to manage their allowances. There is a real opportunity for women who are capable of it to do very valuable and well-paid work in this line.

Another woman is employed by the Guaranty Trust company in the capacity of bond saleswoman. She is as yet one of the very few women who are making a success in this business, but her opinion is that it is a work women can do well.

Any girl who has a leaning toward finance will be wise to specialize in some good school. She is advised to take a job in some financial house at the same time that she is taking her course at night school. Her job will probably be a small one, but it will help out her theoretical work immensely to be in actual touch with conditions in a financial office or bank.

There is a dignity about work of this sort that appeals to many girls who have graduated from college and who do not want to enter the ordinary office. What is more, it holds out fine possibilities. But it requires a type of mind that is not found in every woman. If you have the gift, and get the training, you now stand a good chance of finding full opportunity to go as far as your capacities permit. Prejudice against women in this field is rapidly disappearing.

(Copyright.)

Mother's Cook Book

Rest is not idleness, and to lie sometimes on the grass under the trees on a summer's day, listening to the murmur of water, or watching the clouds float across the sky, is by no means waste of time.—Lord Avebury.

EVERYDAY FOOD.

IT IS not a difficult problem to arrange a meal for some occasion and have it both good and unusual; but the daily meal preparation does become a burden sometimes when economy, variety, wholesomeness and digestibility all enter into the problem.

Leftover Salt Mackerel With Potato Balls.

Cut enough pared potatoes into quarters to fill a pint cup. Turn into a saucepan, cover with boiling water and one cupful of flaked leftover mackerel in the center of the potato dish, above the water in dish or steamer. Let cook until the potatoes are tender, drain and press them through a ricer, heap over the fish, add a teaspoonful of butter, two dashes of black pepper, one egg beaten light and shape into balls. Fry at once in deep fat. Serve with lettuce or cabbage salad.

Pacific Salad.

One cupful of spaghetti broken in bits and boiled; one good sized stalk of celery cut in bits, two green peppers cut fine from which the seeds and white membrane have been removed; two sweet cucumber pickles, cut in thin slices, and plenty of good boiled salad dressing.

Nellie Maxwell
(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union)

The SANDMAN STORY

JACK IS THANKFUL

ONE night in the playroom all the toys sat looking at Teddy-Fear, Dora Doll, Jumping Jack and Jack-in-a-Box and several others who had feet and legs.

Of course, Jack-in-a-Box had no feet or legs, and that was always a very unpleasant subject for Jack to speak about, for all the boys who had them rather looked down on poor little Jack. But tonight those who had feet and legs sat in a row by the wall while the other toys looked at them and listened to their tale of woe.

"It was just terrible!" said Dora Doll. "There we were in that big

empty flower tub, where our little mother had been playing house when it grew dark. That was bad enough, but when it began to rain—oh, that was awful! My clothes were spoiled before I thought of danger, and then Teddy Bear began to fuss."

"I should think so!" said Teddy. "I

was sitting in the water, which every minute was filling the tub, and I just soaked it into my body, so I knew I should not float."

"It was worse for me," said Jumping Jack. "I was flat on my back on the bottom of the tub and the water was all over me first. Of course, I did float after a while, but I was so soft and sticky that I knew I was a wreck and every minute I expected my legs and arms to fall off."

Poor Sailor Boy Doll looked very forlorn as he sat drying by the radiator and his blue-and-white suit looked anything but neat. It was then that Jack-in-a-Box began to talk, and for the first time feel thankful for the manner in which he was made.

"I have always envied all you who have feet and legs and knew you thought I was half made; but when the rain began to fall and the cover of my box kept it from filling the box I began to feel sure I was safe. Of course, I was afraid the wind might blow and tip it over, but I was lucky, for it did not blow at all, and there I was sailing around as dry as ever. I was sorry I could not help any of you who were getting wet, but you all know that was impossible, for there is only just room in my box for me."

"I should not be surprised if your spring rusted," said Dora Doll; "you must have felt the dampness, even if you did not get wet."

"I do feel a little stiff in my spring," admitted Jack, "but I am sure it will do me no harm. It will soon wear off, and I shall never again be envious of you who have feet and legs."

(Copyright.)

empty flower tub, where our little mother had been playing house when it grew dark. That was bad enough, but when it began to rain—oh, that was awful! My clothes were spoiled before I thought of danger, and then Teddy Bear began to fuss."

"I should think so!" said Teddy. "I

was sitting in the water, which every minute was filling the tub, and I just soaked it into my body, so I knew I should not float."

"It was worse for me," said Jumping Jack. "I was flat on my back on the bottom of the tub and the water was all over me first. Of course, I did float after a while, but I was so soft and sticky that I knew I was a wreck and every minute I expected my legs and arms to fall off."

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"I do feel a little stiff in my spring," admitted Jack, "but I am sure it will do me no harm. It will soon wear off, and I shall never again be envious of you who have feet and legs."

(Copyright.)

HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. Lurie

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

"THEM," AS AN ADJECTIVE.

THE use of such expressions as "I saw them boys there," is, of course, one of which persons who exercise even a moderate degree of care in speaking, would not be guilty. Yet the use of "them" as an adjective is not limited by any means to those who are uneducated or careless in other respects. Perhaps this is due, as are so many other examples of inelegant or faulty speech, to the effect of constant repetition. A person of education hears others employ the expression, "them boys," or "those kind," and similar ungrammatical expressions, and falls unconsciously into the same errors.

"Them" is a pronoun, plural, objective case form of "they," and should never be employed as an adjective; before a noun, instead of "those" or "these." Therefore, "I saw those boys," and similar expressions, should be "I saw those boys, or "I saw these boys," etc.

(Copyright.)

How It Started

COFFEE

WHILE coffee was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, it was used in Arabia as early as the Fifteenth century. Plants were carried from Mocha to Batavia in the Seventeenth century, and to Martinique in 1720. The first coffee house in Europe was at Constantinople in 1551; in England the first was in London in 1652, and in France at Marseilles in 1671.

(Copyright.)

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs

A PLEDGE.

DO WHAT they will
For good or ill
Unto the League of Nations;
The Treaty take
Or let it break
Beneath the Reservations.

My hand and heart
Will do their part
With Treaties or without them
To stand for good
And Brotherhood
When Hunz or others flout them.

(Copyright.)

Pressure.

"I understand the gas company is going to put on more pressure."

"In the stove?"

"No. Pockethook."

Germans fear a Polish invasion as a penalty for not meeting the financial demands of the Allies.

A report from Rega says that Petrograd soviets have been introduced in the Senate.

The Adair County News \$1.50

Gradyville

After the recent heavy rain, we are having delightful weather.

James Gilpin and wife, of Sparksville, were in our midst last Friday.

The growing crop of wheat is looking fine in this section.

Mr. Jo Furkin, of Keltner, was mingling with our people Wednesday.

Strong Hill spent a day or so of last week at Liletown, looking after some of his unfinished business.

V. O. Moss, of Greensburg, spent a day or so of last week in our city.

Uncle R. O. Keltner is quite feeble at this time. The most of the time in his room.

Mr. J. A. Young, of Columbia, was in our midst last Friday, looking after cattle at the market price.

Mr. B. B. Esters, formerly of McCalfe Co., who recently moved into our community, is an up-to-date farmer. He is putting a new appearance on his farm. He knows the lick by which it is done.

R. W. Shirley, Chat Browning, C. M. and C. C. Hindman, some of Milltown section's best farmers, were in our midst last week. They report everything moving along nicely in the way of farming in their community.

All of our citizens are making their arrangements to be at Columbia next week. They want to see Mr. Huddleston and Judge Carter.

Misses Bell, students of the L. W. I. S., passed through here last Friday, en route for Red Lick, where they will spend few days with their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Keltner, in company with Mrs. Cordie Wilson, and daughter, will start for Springfield, Ill., in a day or so, where they expect to make their future home.

One of the most active old men in this part of old Adair, is Uncle Daniel Mooneyham, who has passed his one hundredth anniversary and is able to be up and walk around his premises, and bids fair to be with us several years yet.

Mr. B. B. Janes, one of our best farmers, as well as business men, is making some great improvements on his bottom lands that are inclined to be a little wet. He is having a ditch cut and tiling put in something near a mile that certainly does drain the water.

Uncle Charlie Yates, notwithstanding his old age and disadvantages he has in getting around, is certainly seeing after his little farm, in the way of improving it. He will have one of the nicest homes in our town before the summer months are over.

Messrs. Dudley & Sons, our efficient mill men continue to improve their plant here. They have recently erected a new room, near their rolling mill, that will be used for a room for their planing department. They are prepared to do all kind of work, preparatory for building purposes.

Mrs. Claud Keltner continues in a very critical condition. Her many friends will not be sur-

prised to hear of her demise at any time.

We trust the hard times and the money panic are about a thing of the past, as the fourth of March is over and the new administration will have full control of every department of business.

We see no reason why business should not get down to her normal basis as it did under Mr. Wilson's reign.

We have had considerable land dealings in this section during the past week or so. D. Blades and G. E. Nell exchanged farms, Mr. Nell becoming owner of the larger part of the farm, known in this section as the Diddle farm. Mr. Blades got in the deal a part of the farm known as the Janes farm, Mr. Nell paying the difference of something near \$4,300. Mr. Nell and Mr. Blades are well pleased with their deal; that being the case other people should be satisfied.

Sparksville

We are enjoying the nice weather now.

The health of the community is fairly good with a few exceptions.

Mrs. J. F. Gilpin is suffering with two cancers one on her arm and one on her face. She is under the treatment of Dr. L. C. Nell and he thinks he can effect a cure.

William Rowe the little son of Mrs. Lula Rowe, who got his arm broken arm a few days ago, is improving.

Geo. M. Akin Jr., who has been sick for several weeks is improving slowly.

T. F. Curry, who has been sick for several days is able to be out again.

Mr. J. T. Brake and family have returned here from Louisville. They have decided to give up city life and again be tillers of the soil.

A. T. Coomer sold a horse to J. T. Brake. Owing to the income tax the price will be kept a profound secret.

G. D. Firkin and wife will leave this Monday for the Louisville markets to lay in their spring stock.

Mr. J. H. Preston Jr. sold his farm on Harveys ridge to Lennie Coomer and his son Amos last week.

The little son of W. T. Furkin, who has been sick is up again.

Rev. F. D. Furkin assisted by Rev. J. P. Embry, the pastor is conducting a series of meetings at Smiths Chapel with success.

Mr. Emery Page, of Rotan Tex., is visiting his father Mr. G. B. Page of this place.

"I Got Real Mad when I Lost My Setting Hen," writes Mrs. Hanna, N. J.

"When I went into our barn and found my best setting hen, I lost my temper. One package of Rat-Snap killed six big rats. Poultry raisers should use Rat-Snap." Comes in cakes, no mixing. No smell from dead rats. Three sizes. Prices, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Paul Drug Co.

Ozark

We are having pretty weather, March came in gentle as a lamb.

Our farmers are busy but they seem to be farther behind with their work than usual at this time of year.

Wheat is coming out and looks very promising at the present time.

Mr. Lander Bryant, who left here two weeks ago for Colorado, wrote his mother that he arrived

safely. He said that he was feeling fine and that the climate was delightful.

Mr. Lilburn Bryant, who has lung trouble, caused by being gassed during the war, is not so well this week.

A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Floyd, who has been very low for several weeks is better.

Eld. Luther Young and family of Dunnville visited his parents at this place recently.

Mr. S. McKinley visited his parents at Russell Springs recently. He found his father in a critical condition with cancer of the face, and he is 95 years old.

Mr. J. C. Blair and wife, who spent several days here with their daughter, Mrs. W. P. Bryant, left for their home in Iowa a few days ago.

Mr. Jeff Brockman and wife visited friends in the Craycraft section last Friday night.

Mrs. Helm, of Columbia, has returned home, after spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. W. T. Reynolds.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Meldrum Scholl, and Miss Bonnie Wolford in the loss of their mother. The greatest loss one can sustain in this life is the loss of a good mother. Live so you will meet your mother,

Upon the Golden Shore,
And there live together,
Where parting is no more.

Cold settled in the muscles of the neck, arms or shoulder makes every movement painful. Use Ballard's Snow Liniment. It relieves the pain and relaxes the muscles. Three sizes, 30c, 60c and \$1.20. Sold by Paul Drug Co.

Fairplay

Rev. Thomas of Columbia, filled his regular appointment at Concord Sunday.

Miss Carrie Turner was the guest of Miss Dora Bennett, Sunday.

Born, to the wife of Ulus Garrett, on Feb., 22, a son.

Born, to the wife of Francis Darnell, Feb., 28, a daughter.

Mr. Melvin Earles and family were visiting Mr. Milton wheat and family on Tuesday night.

Mrs. Lena Wheat was visiting her sister Mrs. Hattie Bennett on Tuesday.

Mr. J. L. Darnell was transacting business at Gadberry on Wednesday.

Mrs. Lockie Loy, the wife of Hector Loy is in very feeble health at present.

W. L. Bennett sold to Fred Sparks 8 small shoats for \$27.

Mrs. Ann Burbridge is very sick at this writing.

Mrs. Ella Karnes and children were visiting Mrs. Cynde Turner on Tuesday.

Thomas & Burbridge have their sawmill at work again and are ripping away on the Baker and Morrison timber.

Of course it is very druggy though our merchants are all enjoying a reasonably good trade.

When the bowels are costive the waste matter ferments, producing a gaseous condition that is disagreeable. To remove the impurities quickly, a dose of Herbine is needed. It does the work thoroughly and pleasantly.

Price, 60c. Sold by Paul Drug Co.

Adv.

Lumber and Corn

Boxing, framing and corn for sale.

17-46 A. B. Corbin, Phone, 113-I

Breeding

G. B. Breeding is sick at this writing.

Buddy Fudge, son of James Fudge who lives near Toria, got thrown from a mule and broke his arm. The boy was taken to Dr. Simpson Wednesday night and the wound dressed.

Mr. John Simpson attended the sale of Mr. Dickens at Dirigo on Monday. He bought one horse price \$76. Mr. Simpson says he has owned about 400 horses and this is the first time the price was ever known.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Simpson were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brockman a few days of last week.

Mr. T. P. Breeding was in our little town one day of this week collecting his produce.

Mr. Sam Burdette passed through this place one day of last week with a nice bunch of mules.

Mr. Lucian Bell, the Cumberland Grocery man, was calling on our merchants Thursday of last week.

Mr. Goebel Reece arrived from Marrowbone Tuesday.

Mr. James Breeding is visiting his father.

Miss Minnie Royse spent the night at Cofer Reece's Monday night.

Mr. Willie Flatt who lives near Toria, was badly hurt a few days ago. He was out with wagon team and was off on the ground when the mules became frightened, knocked him down and ran over him breaking his nose. We hope that Mr. Flatt will soon recover.

Mrs. Pearl Fudge and daughter, Blanche, and Misses Zorada and Ruby Roach were visiting Mrs. Edgar Reece one day last week.

Mr. Noah Reece of this place and Tennie Breeding of Toria spent the night at the home of J. C. Reece Wednesday night.

Watch your children for symptoms of worms. They undermine the health and breed sickness. Use White's Cream Vermifuge. It expels worms and restores health and vigor. Price, 35c. Sold by Paul Drug Co.

Adv.

Casey Creek

Mrs. Rutha Dixon is visiting Mrs. Bud Teller this week.

Mrs. Ruby Miller will leave for West Virginia in a few days.

Brockman and Dixon Bros are getting along fine with their grist mill.

Mr. S. Darnall has sold his store R. C. Spence.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Dixon visited Mr. and Mrs. Coy Brockman last Wednesday night.

E. E. Workman passed through here last Wednesday en route for Louisville.

Coy Brockman left Thursday for Lebanon on business.

Miss Bartie Wingler and Mrs. Minnie Brockman and son John Abner visited Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jones last Thursday night.

Mr. Maynard Wingler, of West Virginia, is visiting his uncle Mr. W. S. Wingler of this place.

Mrs. Sarah Fedder visited her daughter Mrs. Ralph Burton a few days of last week.

Mrs. M. E. Wingler made a flying trip to Clye Cheeks last Wednesday.

Miss Bartie Wingler is at home for a few days. She has been at

Campbellsville for the past four months.

Milltown

The school at this place will soon come to a close. It is being taught by Miss Floy Petty.

Mrs. George Skaggs spent several days of last week, with her daughter, Mrs. Ralph Stults.

Married, on the 19th; Miss Annie Wilson and Mr. Harlan Keltner.

Mr. Thomas Bishop, who has been in a critical condition, is improving slowly.

Mr. George Shirley and family left recently for Indiana, where they will locate.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. English, of this place, were shopping in Columbia, last Saturday.

Mrs. J. R. Tutt, Jr., spent several days of last week with Mrs. Ed Cheatham.

Mrs. Betsey Leftwich, one of the oldest women of this community, who has been confined to her bed for some time, remains about the same.

Nancy English spent last Saturday night with Catherine Mercer.

The school at new Cedar Grove is progressing nicely under the management of Mr. Almer Powers.

Mrs. Pole Dohoney, who has been confined to her bed, for over a year, caused from a broken hip, does not improve very much.

Mrs. Ed Cheatham is on the sick list.

Miss Kara Caldwell, of Columbia, spent several days of last week with her brother, Mr. J. G. Caldwell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Tutt, Jr., and little son, Tommie, spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnston.

Mr. G. A. Atkins has been on the sick list for the past few days.

Mrs. Fanny Blakeman visited at Mr. R. L. Caldwell's last Sunday.

Rev. Kemper filled his regular appointment at this place, Sunday.

RAT-SNAP

KILLS RATS

Better Than Traps For Rats

Writes Adams Drug Co., Texas

They say: "RAT-SNAP is doing the work and the rat undertakers are as busy as pop corn on a hot stove." Try it on your rats.

RAT-SNAP is a "money back" guaranteed product. Come ready for you: no mixing with other foods. Contains no poison to touch it. Rats dry up and leave no smell.

Three sizes: 55c for one room; 65c for house or chicken yard; \$1.25 for barns and outbuildings. Start killing rats today.

Sold and Guaranteed by

Paul Drug Co.

Died at Purdy.

Mr. Dudley Harmon, who lived at Purdy, this county, died last Wednesday night at 8 o'clock. He was fifty-three years old and left a wife and three children. He was a Master Mason, a member of Hood Lodge, and was buried Masonically Thursday afternoon. A great many friends attended the funeral.

Saddle Horses Sell Well.

Mr. John B. Coffey and Mr. W. C. VanHoy attended the big horse sale at Lexington last week.

The total number of horses of both trotting and saddle classes, sold was \$131 for a total of \$74,830, an average of slightly less than \$226 per head. Of this number 200 were trotters that sold for \$41,000, an average of \$220, and 131 were saddlebills, which brought \$30,869, an average